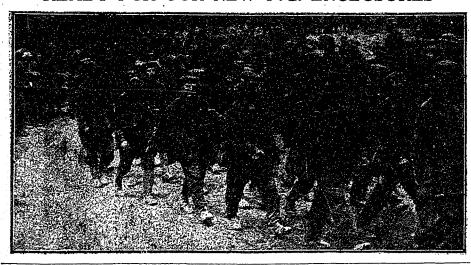
READY FOR OUR NEW P.G. ENCLOSURES



ENGINEERS (RY.) FIND THEIR GAME REAL BIT OF WAR

Double-Stripe Men Found **Out What Excitement** Was Long Ago

BIG TIME IN MARCH DRIVE

Casey Joneses Saw Huns Coming Over the Hill as Last Narrow Gauge Pulled Out

made to feel at home the day they came.

We can't resist the temptation to "old head" them a little, however. They want to know all about what we have been dojng anyway, so it doesn't make any difference.

Renson to Be Proud

We are proud of our Railway Engineering regiments. I believe that we have reason to be. Four of our regiments marched through London last August and were reviewed by the King and Queen. We were the first foreign troops to march through London since William the Conquerer made his triumphal entry several centuries back. What General Persking's men were to the French in Paris, we were to the English in London—the visible sign of America's intention to put her shoulder to the wheel.

August 18 found us at the front near Roisel. Here, under constant observation from German balloons and airplanes, my resiment built a complete little system of narrow gauge railways. The broad gauge dared go no further than Roisel, and so our little road took up its work here, winding in and out among apple orchards, under rock cliffs—anywhere where it could find an escape from the peering eyes of the Germans.

We were always in shell range, especially near the batteries to which we hanled ammunition. On several occasions our train crews have been mable to earry their six inch and nine-point twos to their destination and have had the well and the carry their six inch and nine-point twos to their destination and have had the well and the carry their six inch and nine-point twos to their destination and have had

cape from the peering eyes of the dermans.

We were always in shell range, especially near the batteries to which we hauled ammunition. On several occasions our train crews have been unable to carry their six inch and nine-point-twos to their destination and have had to wait until the Boche stopped shelling the position.

to wat until the locus stopped shelling the position.

For over a month previous to November 20, Company A and a number of detached men worked day and night hanking ammunition to the British butteries in front of Cambrai for the great drive which opened on that date. So close did they work to the German lines that they were unable to use a disshight or even a match to give signals, on account of the accuracy of the German snipers.

Defensive Too Tame for Him

flushing 'possum. 'Dad' ought to have had a medal for that bit of work. He has seray hair.

For our services at Cambrai, General Byng sent our colonel a fine letter of commendation and thanks. How in the world the boys came through there without any fatalities, I don't know, for their barracks were right in the middle of the barrage the Germans put up on their counter attack. We have lost very few men and those have been through natural causes with one exception—an unavoidable accident.

Railroading under such conditions is not like it is on the American broad gauge roads either at home or here in France. The firemen back home used to kick because they were not allowed to make smoke, but smokeless firing certainly comes in handy over here.

The Day of the Big Stuff

The Day of the Big Stuil

We never realized just how close we were to the Germans until the drive started on March 21 of this year. All last winter we slept through the constant roar of the British guns a mile or two from us or the Hun's further away. Many times our little railway lines would be illumined by ithe flares from the trenches. But, like anything else, we

TO AID COMMANDERS

BASE PORT MEETING

A FAMILY REUNION

Talk of Coincidences Leads

to One That Beats

Them All.

Captain Grows Interested

An officer is to be designated in

An officer is to be designated in each regiment and company to handle all administrative duties under the supervision of the regimental and company commander, according to a new G.II.Q. bulletin. The intent of the order is to relieve the commander of administrative details in order that he may "exert his full mental and physical capabilities towards the tactical command and training of his unit."

The announcement is made owing to the fact that some regimental and company commanders have been permitting their administrative functions, that is, supply and office work, to absorb the greater part of their time and attention, sometimes to the detriment of duties relating to operation and training.

Them All.

A group of chance-met, fairly casual officers of the Army and Navy were gathered on the shaded terrace of a caté in one of the base ports the other evening. One of them was telling how he had recognized in one of the guards out at camp that afternoon the boy who used to deliver the groceries at his house back in a town in Indiana.

"There never was such a place as the A.E.F. for reunions," a second lieutenant observed. "You get into one of these French trains and find you are sharing the compartment with the boy who used to play next you in the line at college. I have seen more old friends in the past month than I ever would have seen in the same time in Utica. I know one lieutenant who was a pretty good lawyer in New York City and yesterday he found himself reporting for duty to the clerk from his own office in Nassau Street."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," a young ensign chimed in, "if I were to run into a wandering brother of mine over here. I am not sure I should know him if I did. I was only a kid when he left home. I'll have to look him up in that big Index up near Tours where they have you all catalogued like books in a public library. He enlisted in the Army about 12 years ago, and as far as I know he is still alive. The family hasn't seen him since nor heard from him except at great Intervals. I'd sort of like to see the old rough-neck."

To the Editor of The Stars and Strates:

I was glad to note that the lad who panned the Engineers about not doing much worthy of notice up to date exempted the Engineers who are attached to the B.E.F. We have been busy. Damb busy. So busy, in fact, that we have not had time to keep up our end of copy for THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Nine regiments of us cleared the three mile limit out of New York harbor the 28th of last July and will be entitled to our two service stripes on that day. We were the railroad unit that was brought to France to operate the military railroads. We are all volunteers and are proud of it. We are attached to the British land French.

My particular regiment has been at the front behind the British line since August 18 last. While we are volunteers, we are being brought up to the new war footing by the addition of drafted men. We are lad to see them, for we are all out after the same end. Those who have already arrived have been made to feel at home the day they came. We can't resist the temptation to "old head" them a little, however. They want to know all about what we have been doing, anyway, so it doesn't make any difference.

Reason to Be Proud

We are small of control of the broad feeder of the proud of the pr

After Your Own Heart

Anzae, the lad from New Zealand, is very much like yourself. You won't see him much because there are not many of him over here. The same thing applies to the South Africans, who resemble the Americans in many ways.

But Jock! There's a lad after your wn heart. He is just an irresistible box. You don't feel like smilling when you see him in kilts—that is, after you know him.

The Germans smiled when the Black Watch came over the top the first time. They thought England had run out of men and was sending the women against them. They call them "The Ladies From Hell" now. They fear Jock's cold steel.

During the drive, several of the crows found themselves between the fire of the Boche and the larger sums of the British they were carrying ammunition. In the counter attack, our men grabbled their guns and fought with the Tommies.

Old "Dad" Harper, an engineer on one of the British lensive fighting too tame for him and made his way up to the first line. "Dad" is an old 'possum hunter and 'lowed that he could get a couple of "them Dutch" as easily as he could a fourth of the British for the British fourth of the British fourth of the British for the British fourth of the British for the British fourth of the British fourth of the British for the British fourth of the British from t

CHARLIE'S CUSTARD HALTS IN MID-AIR

And Something Happened to the Movie Works Just Then

With that ghastly accuracy common to the world of the screen the well-known Mr. Charles Chaplin hurled his custard pie, and—
Wait a minute; don't get sore. Honest, this ain't a movie press notice. As we were saying—
Mr. Chaplin hurled his pie, but the pie never reached the victim. Instead, it stopped in mid-air, which is a peculiar manner for even Mr. Chaplin's weltrained pies to behave in.
And then somebody bellowed "Fire!" or, more likely, "Feu!" because this happened in the S.O.S. of the A.E.F., at A.P.O. 711.
True enough the movie theater was

or, more likely, "Feu!" because this happened in the S.O.S. of the A.E.F., at A.P.O. 711.

True enough the movie theater was afire, the movie machine was on the kibosh and the movie pie was still miraculously suspended in mid-air. Naturally, the fact that Mr. Chaplin was on the screen is equivalent to saying that there were a large number of Americans in the audience, they happening this time to be from the —— Engineers, who are stationed at 711 performing first-aid stunts to busted locomotives.

The Engineers were patient enough for a while, but it became apparent that the civilian fire department was asleep, or off on a furlough, or visiting his aunt, or something. Meanwhile, the theater was burning down and—worst of all—they never would see whether the cust-ard ever landed.

So they dug out their canteens, found some buckets, located a ladder, borrowed some water, and climbed up on the roof and put out the blaze. They did it all in a very few minutes, and just as they were climbing down, along came the civilian fire department demanding why in the name of a sacred dog, a sacred cow and one hundred thousand sacred thunders somebody hadn't notified him about the fire.

But the Engineers went back inside to see whether the pic ever landed.

P.S.—It did, right in the smacker.

WHAT TAPS MEAN

One day nearer the next crack at K.P. One day further away from last pay

ny. Eight hours' rest for the bugler. About 28 hours' rest for the cook

About 28 hours' rest for the cook who's off tomorrow.

About eight minutes' rest for the cook who isn't off tomorrow.

One more chance for the cooties.

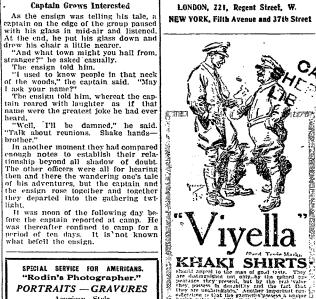
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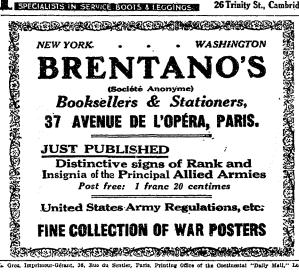
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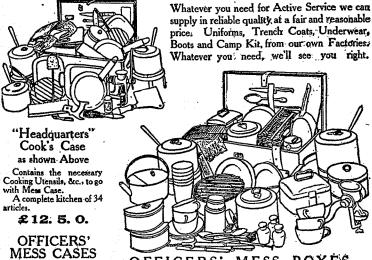
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